

# MEXICO DIRECTORY.

HENRY C. RIDER,  
Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job  
work of all kinds, executed on short  
notice with neatness and dispatch.

WM. H. HUNTER,  
Manufacturer of Gents' Boots and  
Shoes, and all kinds of custom work.  
Next door east of the Journal Office,  
Main Street, Mexico, N. Y.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.,  
Main St., Manufacturers of Clothing  
to Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,  
Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,  
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

E. L. HUNTINGTON,  
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils & Var  
nish, Books, Stationery, Clocks, Watch  
es, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware.  
Main street. 34

BARKER BROS.,  
Dealers in Drugs and Salt Meat, also  
Manufacturers of and dealers in Pat  
ent Water Drawers and pumps for  
wells and cisterns.

WM. H. HALL,  
Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular  
attention paid to Shampooing, and  
the cutting of ladies' and children's  
hair. Shop on Main street. 34

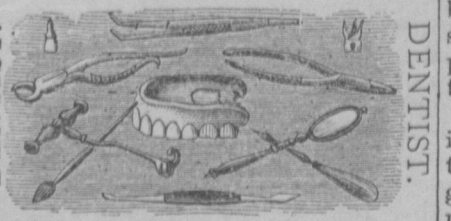
S. PARKHURST,  
Keeps the largest and best assortment  
of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods.  
Satisfaction given as to quality and  
price. Opposite Post-office.

GEO. P. JOHNSON, M.D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Office over Golt & Castle's. Orders  
left on SLATE will receive prompt at  
tention. Sleeps in office. 36

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,  
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND  
SURGEON.  
Office over Norton's store, Main St.,  
Mexico. Office hours 9 to 10  
A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 P. M. All  
calls will receive prompt attention.

G. A. PENFIELD,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Cutters, Sleighs, &c., and first-class  
Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or  
Road Wagons. Repairing done on  
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. STONE & CO.,  
DEALERS IN  
*General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Cop  
per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for  
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence  
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.*  
Main street, Mexico, N. Y. 7y1

H. H. DOBSON,  
DENTIST.  
  
Nitrons oxide or laughing gas, for ex  
tracting teeth without pain, always on  
hand. All work warranted at the low  
est living prices. Office over H. C.  
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALL  
ING CARDS COMBINED!



We are printing Manual Alphabet  
Visting or Calling Cards, of the best  
quality, cheaper than any publishing  
office in America. Your name neatly  
printed on the reverse side, in stylish  
type, and the cards sent by mail, post  
paid, on receipt of price, to any part  
of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:  
25 Cards, with name, 25 cents.  
50 " " " 50 "  
100 " " " \$1.00

Subsribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR  
NAL—only \$1.50 a year.

ENVELOPES CHEAP!  
A good envelope with return request  
PRINTED  
in corner for  
\$2.50 PER THOUSAND  
—at the—  
JOURNAL OFFICE.

# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879.

NUMBER 35.

## POETRY.

### A BIRTHDAY IN AUGUST.

BY WM. SERGEANT LEE.

A tale  
Has been told  
Of a chivalrous, crack-brained knight,  
Whose mission he thought was to fight;  
So quite bold  
He fiercely rained forest and dale.

Alas  
For his zeal!  
To windmills his giants were turned,  
His knightly politeness was spurned,  
And the de'il  
Seemed bewitching each way he would pass.

And so  
This mad knight,  
Tired of braving the storm and the gale,  
Laid him down with his face to the wall,  
And the fight  
Was all done—and triumphant the foe.

Dear friend,  
We all talk  
And live far from the best: while astray,  
Do we wonder sometimes if the way  
Which we walk  
Will lead to a glorious end?

May be,  
If we watch  
All the long days of life by the streams  
That flow sluggishly on through our dreams,  
We shall catch  
Only leaves from some rare, dying tree.

Well—thus  
I essay,  
In earnest, through homeliest rhyme,  
To wish you the happiest time  
On a day  
That has met you without any fuss.

May life,  
In the years  
Through which mingle the joyous and sad,  
For you wear a mask always glad,  
Although tears  
Be behind it, and scars of the strife.

The wheat  
And the chaff  
Through sunshine and shadow abound,  
Yet to-day let all sadness be drowned  
In a laugh,  
Like a Christmas box—all full of sweet!

## STORE TELLER.

### A LUCKY SOVEREIGN.

They made a strikingly contrasting  
picture standing in the warm June  
twilight, and the fragrant odor of the  
roses and the budding grape-vines  
lingered around them as if the tender  
scents were fitted tributes to them.

Two fair young girls, the same age  
to an hour, and unlike as sisters could  
be, and each a perfect type of her own  
style of loveliness—both of them peer  
esses in their royal dower of beauty.

Rose stood leaning against the rail  
ing of the veranda, her haughty eyes,  
that could melt from the cool, brilliant  
gray they now looked into such liq  
uid darkness when occasions required  
—splendid, calm, cool eyes were gleam  
ing away out into the gathering dusk  
that was falling in a purple-gray veil  
of tissue over wood and lawn.

She turned her face toward her com  
panion. Her eyes suddenly called in  
their wandering, listless glances, and  
showing a half-vexed, half-amused ex  
pression.

"Bell, how much longer are we go  
ing to stay here?—at least, how much  
longer do you want to stop? I am sure  
I shall die of ennui if I have much  
more of it."

"Oh, don't think of going back to  
town yet, Rose. I wish we might nev  
er have to go."

"Never go back? Why, Bell, is it  
possible you are so infatuated with the  
country as to actually wish that? Child,  
for three months it is all very well  
to bury one's self as we are bur  
ied, and I've no doubt mamma will  
feel much better and stronger for it;  
but to stay longer in a hired cottage,  
with only one half-grown girl to assist  
in the work, and no amusements of  
any sort, and our joint stock of earn  
ings exhausting itself daily—I tell you,  
Bell, I prefer our own suite of rooms  
at home, and my music scholars, and  
your book-keeping, with a chance of  
occasional enjoyments."

"I dare say you are right, dear, but  
I love the country."

"So would I if, for instance, I liv  
ed in the mansion over yonder—Ferry  
Court, you know—where the stately  
housekeeper showed us through,  
and descended on the many qualities  
and vast wealth of its owner. I for  
got to tell you, Bell, that there will be  
a grand reception given a week after  
he gets back, and he is expected hour  
ly."

Bell lifted her eyes in a graceful  
little gesture of surprise.

"A reception? Oh, dear, how I'd  
like to go!"

"Of course you'd like to go. But  
do you think for a moment that the  
aristocratic families around here would  
condescend to associate with us?"

Bell's face grew stern.

"Why not? We are ladies born and  
bred, if we do work for a living."

"You foolish child. I can tell you  
our faces and our handsome dresses

—if we had them—would take us  
where our family name would not.  
And I can tell you something else,  
Bell—"

The little gate at the roadside open  
ed at that moment, and the sound of  
lagging footsteps coming toward the  
house interrupted Rose's remark, and  
thou a dusty, travel-stained man paus  
ed at the foot of the steps, and touch  
ed his dingy hat-rim to the girls.

He was evidently one of the many  
respectable, discouraged, disheartened  
men one so often sees tramping  
through the country in search of work.

Rose drew herself up.

"Go away. We have nothing for  
you. We don't encourage tramps  
here."

He touched his hat—the rim was  
decidedly battered and dusty:

"I beg your pardon, ladies; but if  
you will give me a—"

Rose swept across the floor with an  
angry look.

"Will you march off, or will I have  
the dog set on you? Bell, go tell  
Jane to unfasten Rover."

The man turned away slowly, as if  
to move was an effort, and Bell sprang  
up in an impulse of demonstrative pro  
test.

"Rose, how can you be so heartless.  
He is as pale as death, and only see  
how he drags himself along! You  
might have let him sit down a minute,  
and at least have given him a kind  
word and a piece of bread and butter."

A contemptuous laugh peeled from  
Rose's red lips.

"Tired and ill! Drunk and a thief.  
you'd better say! A piece of bread and  
butter! Absurd, Bell!"

Bell raised her finger warningly.

"Oh, Rose, don't; he'll hear you."

Rose raised her voice a key higher.

"Let him hear, then! Perhaps you  
had better sit and watch that he does  
not faint and fall."

She swept haughtily into the house,  
leaving Bell with her cheeks flushing,  
and a compassion born of the sweet  
womanly sympathy glowing in her  
deep blue eyes as she watched the  
man walk slowly, painfully along, and  
finally halt at the gate, as if in utter  
discouragement at the long stretch of  
road between him and the next house,  
where he might find what Rose had  
rudely denied—the magnificent coun  
try seat of Lionel Granville, from  
whose doors no beggar was ever turn  
ed away hungry.

Belle saw him, and her quick in  
stincts told her what she imagined his  
manner meant.

Quick as a bird, she dashed up  
stairs to her room and snatched her  
portmanteau from the bureau drawer,  
and was down again with a sovereign  
in her hand, as she ran swiftly after  
him, still leaning against the gate  
post, and still looking with that same  
strange expression on his pale face at  
the towers of Fernley Court.

"Here, please. It isn't much, but  
it's all I have to spare. Take it, please."

He looked surprisedly at her, and  
then at the money.

"You are very kind, but you are  
mistaken. 'I only want a—'"

Belle thrust the money in his hand.

"Never mind, please. I think I can  
see you are proud; but please take it.  
There!"

He seemed amused at her eagerness,  
but made no more about accept  
ing the gift and pocketing it, as he  
stood and watched her slim figure fit  
ting away like a spirit in the dust.

The next day Rose came into Belle's  
room, radiant as she only permitted  
herself to be under rare circumstances,  
her gray eyes flashing, and red lips  
parted in a smile of triumphant del  
ight.

"Bell, see this! Now what do you  
say?" She laid a square monogram  
med envelope in the girl's lap address  
ed to the Misses Melton, and bearing,  
inside, invitations to the reception at  
Fernley Court for a fortnight from  
that night.

Rose watched the sweet girl's face  
glow under the surprise, then saw, to  
her amazement, the flush of delight  
fade.

"Well, Bell, of course we'll go. I'll  
take some money I can spare and get  
some suisee, and wear natural flowers  
with it; and I know you have a sov  
ereign laid away for an emergency.  
You can get a good many things with  
it—gloves and sashes you know—and  
who knows but what Lionel Granville  
may be captivated?"

Bell laid the envelope softly down.

"I can't go, dear, unless I wear my  
old white muslin, which will look  
wretched beside your new suisee. I  
have spent my money."

Rose frowned.

"Spent your money? Why, I saw it  
yesterday morning in your drawer. I  
noticed that the edge of the sovereign  
was a little chipped, and remember  
wondering if it was good or not.  
Spent your money! Bell, what do  
you mean?"

Bell met the vexed eyes as calmly as  
she could. She was just a little in  
awe of this magnificent sister of hers.

"I gave it to that poor man last  
night, Rose; I was so sorry. I am  
sure he wasn't the sort of man to talk

as you did. I know he deserved the  
money."

Rose sat down and folded her hands  
in icy wrath.

"Give a sovereign to a tramp—a  
beggar! Well, if it doesn't pass my  
comprehension!"

Rose swept out of the room—she  
was like a duchess in her movements—  
and poor Bell went on with her sew  
ing, wondering if her old white mus  
lin wouldn't look pretty well if it was  
nicely got up, thinking that there was  
a sea-green silk sash somewhere, she  
had never worn; and a pair of white  
kids at home that Rose could go for  
when she went to buy her suisee.

So while her busy, deft fingers sewed,  
through the summer days on Rose's  
airy dress, little Bell decided she would  
go, after all, and wear her fresh white  
dress, and tea-roses in her golden  
tresses, and the sea-green sash knot  
ted on her skirt—a simple, exquisite  
toilet that made a very Undine of her,  
that made people turn their heads for  
more than a second or third look when  
she and Rose entered the magnificent  
ball-room.

It was perfectly delightful every  
way. Mr. Granville possessed none  
but high-bred, intelligent friends, and  
the Misses Melton were treated ac  
cordingly.

The music was heavenly, and from  
her seat, where she sat like a queen  
in state, Rose watched the handsome  
host, who had bowed low over her  
hand when he was introduced—watch  
ed him as, in his quiet, self-possessed  
manner, he went among his guests.

Her heart was beating; would he,  
oh! would he ask her for the first  
dance, or would he go among the  
groups of stylish ladies from the city,  
any one of whom would be honored  
by his attention?

And then Rose saw Mr. Granville  
go straight across the room, right by  
her, and bow slowly to Bell as he said  
a few words and offered his arm.

Bell! Bell to lead the grand qua  
drille! Bell on Lionel Granville's arm,  
the observed of all observers—as fair  
as a sea nymph, and so graceful, so  
sweetly unconscious of her radiant  
beauty!

Rose sat gloomily through the first  
quadrille, and watched Lionel's pale,  
handsome face as he bent over Bell's  
golden curls, his ardent, admiring eyes,  
that looked so eagerly into the sweet,  
girlish face, that others beside Rose  
noted his attention.

Then the dance over, Lionel gave  
Bell his arm.

"That has been a delightful qua  
drille, Miss Melton. By the way did  
you know I have something that be  
longs to you?"

They had reached Rose's chair by  
this time, and Bell turned laughingly  
to him.

"Something of mine! I do not see  
how that can be, Mr. Granville. Do  
you Rose?"

Rose favored him with her most  
fascinating smile.

"Indeed, I do not, seeing that this  
is the first time we ever saw Mr. Gran  
ville."

He smiled in Bell's eyes.

"I'll leave you to fathom the mys  
tery. Don't forget the first waltz for  
me, Miss Bell."

He went away, so handsome, so  
courtly, and Bell's foolish little heart  
was throbbing with now, vague del  
ight, while Rose was almost suffocat  
ing with envy at the signal triumph of  
her sister. Mr. Granville came prompt  
ly for his waltz.

He drew her hand through his al  
most authoritatively.

"Miss Bell, it seems I have always  
known you, yet you say you never saw  
me before. Suppose we take a walk  
through the conservatory instead of  
having this waltz?"

Into the fragrant semi-dusk they  
went, where fountains tinkled and rare  
flowers bloomed, and the music came  
in veiled with sweetness and richness.

"I want you to be sure I am right,  
Miss Bell, when I say I have some  
thing of yours. Look at me closely.  
Have you never seen me before?"

He bent his face near hers. It was  
gravely smiling, and so tender and  
good, and Bell looked timidly at the  
smiling yet stern eyes.

"I am sure I never saw you before,  
Mr. Granville."

He drew from his vest pocket a  
sovereign—the very one, with a tiny  
bit chipped off it, that Bell had given  
the tramp.

"Don't you understand, dear child?  
I had taken a freak into my head that  
I would walk from town here, and it  
was a grand walk, although it took  
three days, and ruined my clothes. I  
stopped at your little cottage to get a  
glass of water. You know the rest."

Bell's face was a marvel at that mo  
ment.

"In your kindness and goodness you  
gave it to me, Miss Bell, and the little  
act gave me an insight into your heart  
that a year of ordinary intercourse  
would never do. I shall keep it till  
you buy it back. I have set a price  
on it, and if ever you are ready to give  
it you can have it."

He put the money reverently away  
in his breast pocket, and took her out

among the crowd again, a strangely  
happy girl.

And before the summer roses had  
faded, Bell paid the price for the chip  
ped sovereign—her own heart—that  
Lionel Granville had pleaded for so  
eagerly.

She is the mistress of their grand  
house now, and Rosa visits her once a  
year, not oftener, because Bell's hus  
band don't care much for her.

But the invalid mother has a life  
-long home amid the luxuries of Fer  
nley Court, and Bell is happier than the  
birds that sing in the trees of the big  
old park.

## A VISIT AT MARCUS KERR'S.

JACKSON, Mich., August 12, 1879.

On my way to Grand Rapids I had  
the pleasure of stopping for a few days  
in this thriving and beautiful city,  
where I met an old friend who invited  
me to her home—the beautiful resi  
dence of Marcus H. Kerr, the mute  
artist, whose beautiful paintings at  
tract universal admiration and to  
whom his wife, also a mute, has been  
married eight years. Their home is  
an abode of peace and comfort, sur  
rounded by plants and flowers, and  
well supplied with books and papers,  
which furnish food for refined tastes  
and highly cultivated minds.

In conversation with Mr. Kerr,  
which I was obliged to carry on in  
writing as I do not understand the  
sign-language, I learned that he was a  
Graduate from Flint and also of the  
National Deaf-Mute College.

Mr. Kerr has painted a life-size  
picture of his wife (who is a beautiful  
woman and also highly intellectual and  
thoroughly educated,) in crayon and  
India ink. It is a marvel of perfec  
tion, is splendidly framed, and is real  
ly the finest picture I ever saw. Such  
a picture would be a treasure in every  
household.

Mr. Kerr has been employed for the  
last five years by the old firm of Le  
Clear at painting pictures. This firm  
employs canvassing agents, and they  
are doing a large business. The works  
of this gentleman should be seen to be  
appreciated.

Mr. Kerr's family are held in high  
estimation by all who know them, and  
my brief but pleasant visit with them  
will long be remembered as one of the  
sunny days in my life.

MRS. N. H. PIERCE.

## "HELEN'S BABIES."

"Helen's Babies" did some pretty  
things and said some wise sayings;  
but nothing they ever did or said was  
sweeter or tenderer than the conduct  
of little Miss Missionary in a Cincin  
nati street car as described by the  
Times:

A third street car this morning had  
its full quota of passengers, and as it  
rolled along, carrying them from the  
ease and comforts of home to business  
and the vexations of the day, but two  
or three had anything to say. The  
characteristic selfishness and uncom  
municativeness of the crowd cropped  
out in each one's manner. At Plum  
street a bright little girl, whose talk  
still retained the charms of childhood's  
imperfect English, came in the car.

She had in her hand a bouquet, its  
beauty growing in contrast with the  
living beauty of the fair owner. With  
an easy movement a gentleman placed  
her on the seat next to a gentleman  
whose interest in his paper rendered  
him unconscious of the sunbeam that  
was by his side. With an intent look  
at him the child moved her curly head  
between the paper and his face, and  
smiling sweetly held up the bouquet  
with the irresistible invitation, "Please  
smell my flowers." No second request  
was needed. The delicious whiff of  
the odoriferous roses was a gift of the  
simple trust of childhood. It won the  
heart of the gentleman thus honored,  
and every one in the car acknowledged  
the charming sweetness of the act by  
giving the child a smile. There was  
no more stiff, touch-me-not, selfish  
feeling in the car after that. The  
child was the fairy of goodness to  
make all hearts open.

—Peter Golden, of New York, who  
made a living by writing from one wo  
man to another to "borrow a dress to  
wear to a funeral," and for whose ar  
rest twenty warrants are out, was lately  
sentenced on two charges of that de  
scription to eleven months in the pen  
itentiary.

—Five children belonging to a fam  
ily in Ogdensburg had the diphtheria,  
and by the most careful nursing added  
to good medical skill recovered; but  
three kittens in the same household  
were taken sick and died, and upon  
examination it was discovered that  
they had caught the disease from the  
children.

—Deacon James Freeland, United  
States Internal Revenue Collector for  
Long Island and Staten Island, dur  
ing the past three months collected  
taxes on 258,288 barrels of lager beer.  
It is estimated that the consumption  
in Kings county alone during that pe  
riod was 10,000,000 gallons.

## OUT ON SLANDERERS AND GOSSIP-MONGERS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The charges made  
against Mr. and Mrs. Goodell by your  
Waukegan, Ia., correspondent, which  
were published in your issue of July  
24th, pain me much. Although I have  
no personal acquaintance with her, I  
have for some ten years regarded Mrs.  
Goodell as an estimable woman. She  
has repeatedly contributed articles to  
the *Mirror*, of the Michigan Institu  
tion, and those I have read showed  
that she uses language with great fa  
cility backed up by sound common  
sense. My sister met Mr. and Mrs.  
G. in Chicago last year, and had a lit  
tle conversation with them. Their gar  
ments were travel-stained, but they  
had no appearance of being dishonest  
people.

After staying in Chicago for a short  
time they went to Iowa, but early in  
the fall Mrs. G. was requested to go  
home and keep house for her father  
and the children younger than herself  
while her mother went east on a visit.  
She complied with this request and  
remained at home several months.  
Not long after her mother's return,  
one bitter cold night, their home and  
sickness among the children followed.  
Marian remained to aid in the nursing  
while her husband pursued his west  
ward search for a permanent location.  
About the time that Mr. Bangs lectured  
to the mutes of Jackson, Mich., or  
rather soon afterwards, she joined Mr.  
Goodell in the West. At Omaha, May  
9th, she wrote a letter to the *Mirror*,  
in which she spoke of a visit they had  
paid to the Nebraska Institution. The  
editor of the Nebraska *Journal*, see  
ing this letter, said in a subsequent is  
sue of his paper:

"Somebody named 'Mum' has writ  
ten us up in the *Mirror*. We wouldn't  
object to being talked about in that  
way some more. 'Mum' certainly has  
the use of the Queen's English at her  
finger-tips. One mistake, however;  
we have fifty-three pupils instead of  
thirty-three."—*Nebraska Journal*.

['Mum' is a *nom de plume* only,  
not a name. We will say for her that  
she is one of the brightest young ladies  
this institution ever sent from its doors  
a graduate, and wherever she may  
chance to roam we bespeak for her a  
courteous reception and kind treat  
ment. She is worthy, and her ability  
speaks for itself in the letters to this  
paper.—Ex-"]

Knowing all these things in the ac  
cused lady's favor, I cannot but think  
your correspondent has been misin  
formed, and has made a sad mistake  
in too hastily circulating a false charge.  
Surely the mutes of Michigan, and es  
pecially of Jackson city, who have  
known Mrs. Goodell so long, would  
know, and as certainly would have in  
formed the deaf-mute public before this  
late day, if she had a habit of appropri  
ating other peoples' things. As they  
have not done it, I feel glad to indulge  
the belief that an enemy has been at  
work, and needs to be stopped in his,  
or her, malicious efforts are another  
reason for suspicion and aversion is  
permanently fixed upon the deaf and  
dumb as a class.

Far be it from me to uphold any  
one, deaf or hearing, in sinful practices  
I fear God; I love right, truth, and  
virtue too well to do so base a wrong  
to humanity; but, at the same time,  
I cannot be so false to the first prin  
ciples of true friendship, good-will, or  
common charity as to sit silent while  
the reputation of those I have learned  
to respect is wantonly ruined. Al  
ready there are too many unprin  
ciple mutes who, wherever they go, are  
a reproach to us. It is wrong for us  
to brand the innocent, or those who  
truly repent of their first false step,  
hurriedly into their disgraceful com  
pany. No words can describe the  
keen pain which has wrung my heart,  
and forced bitter tears from my weak  
eyes, that so sadly need rest from  
weeping, as the mutes I have met here  
and there who, instead of talking of  
something good or noble, have drawn  
hateful pictures of the sayings or do  
ings of mutes towards whom I had  
formed friendly feelings. Of all the  
adult mutes I have met there are few  
who have not been accused of immor  
ality of some sort. One "drinks," an  
other "gambles," another "steals," an  
other "is a vagabond," another "is a  
pimp," another "is false to marital  
vows," another "is a desperate flirt,"  
another "is a back-biter," another "is  
very deceitful," another "is a gossip,"  
and another "is lazy," in short, every  
one is something that he or she ought  
not to be; has something in his or  
her character in the way of habit or  
failing which will surely injure me if I  
cultivate their friendship, and for  
which I must despise and shun him or  
her if I value my own respectability.

Very recently a deaf-mute lady, who  
stands well in society, said to me of  
two well-appearing deaf sisters, fresh  
from a deaf and dumb institution, "I  
do not wish to associate with



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. 62 Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## PREJUDICE.

This word means, in short, to pre-judge, or to judge before a hearing, to anticipate what the judgment ought to be, or what, in our biased opinions, we think it should be. In its broader signification it implies vastly more than this, and akin to it is another great evil known as envy, for they are frequently so combined as to be almost, if not absolutely, inseparable one from the other.

Prejudice is an unmixed evil—not a particle of good, so far as we are able to discover, ever resulted from it, or even enters into its component parts. To pre-judge on account of biased feelings towards the person or thing upon which we sit in judgment is, to say the least, a great error; to do so under the promptings of jealousy or envy is a positive wrong. Although we may, in rare cases, err on the right side in our prejudices, and sometimes reach just conclusions, they are false principles, or rather lack of principles, and cannot, with good to ourselves and justice to our fellow-men, be trusted as a safe guide in forming our opinions. They are treacherous foundations to build decisions upon, and the most of judgments rendered upon a one-sided base of such materials are liable to be revoked upon the full development of the facts as they really bear upon the merits or demerits of the case at stake. The evils resulting from prejudice are so apparent to all that they have to be guarded against in our courts of justice, criminal procedure, and equity, and that where men are sworn to render decisions in accordance with the facts elicited by the submitted evidence, and, to prevent wrong and unjust conclusions in arriving at verdicts to adjust legal causes between man and man, test oaths are frequently administered in order to ascertain whether there is prejudice in the mind of the juror by which the case in litigation might be disposed of regardless of the facts; and in every investigation of that kind where bias is discovered to exist the jurymen are rejected in order to avert the probability or even possibility of a perverse judgment.

If the legal code is so jealous of correct principles in the adjustment of causes referred to it, and it is right, for the safety of the people, that it should be, do we not need to exercise more of a similar spirit in our everyday social matters involving the good of and pertaining to the rights of our fellow-men? But how often prejudice, frequently coupled with envy, is permitted to control better judgment and usurp the throne designed for the formation of just and proper conclusions. To "give even the devil his dues" is a maxim that might with great propriety and principles of right be interwoven into our dealings with humanity. We should accord even to our most bitter enemies the rights belonging to them, and we should allow no prejudicial feelings to interfere in regard to our opinions as to the merits or demerits of others. In weighing in our minds matters relating to our fellow-men, we should lay aside all feelings of envy, prejudice, or jealousy, if we are entertaining any such, and exercise calm, mature, unbiassed judgment, after a thorough canvass of the facts bearing upon the case, and in that manner, and that way only, we shall arrive at just conclusions. This feeling should predominate not only in judging of matters which concern our best friends, but in those belonging to those people who are called by most persons unpopular. Whatever is right is right for both friends and enemies. We are not properly constituted judges of motives or matters if we permit personal feelings to bias our actions or opinions.

There is a prevailing practice, which is by far too popular, and especially with the deaf and dumb, of cajoling and encouraging our friends and discouraging and condemning those whom we do not count as such. There is a spirit too often found within us which countenances and approves of all our friends' actions, without regard to their being right or wrong, and, at the same time, discountenances and disparages anything and everything, no matter how good or praiseworthy, that may be said or done by those to whom we are not bound by ties of consanguinity or friendship. This is the rock on which have been shipwrecked many noble specimens of humanity,—whose fortunes have been wrecked and whose existence has been rendered miserable for lack of sympathy.

If we can see anything commendable and good in one, we should not allow prejudice to so blind our perceptions that we fail to discover the same goodness if it exists in others. When we see a deaf-mute trying to help himself, improve his condition, and accomplish anything that is laudable and honorable, no matter whether he be friend or foe, illiterate and low-bred or highly cultivated and of the highest social standing in society, we should encourage his worthy efforts. We should not say within ourselves "He is my favorite friend, I will encourage his zeal and help him build his fortune;" nor should we say "He is low and unpopular, is no friend of mine, and if he takes a step upward I will kick him to the bottom of the ladder, where he has always been and where he ought to be forever." Ah! no, my friends, we should let no such spirit control us; we should encourage all in everything that may benefit individuals or exalt humanity, and, at all times, and in every place we should countenance and support whatever is right, and whatever is proper, whether it is for the good of individuals or whether it has for its ultimate object the welfare of our entire class of humanity.

## IN A TRANCE FOR NINE WEEKS.

Norfolk Virginian:—The physicians of the city are much interested and the public generally greatly exercised over a singular instance of suspended consciousness—the case of a young lady who has lain in a trance for nine weeks. The case has been much talked of for weeks, but up to this time the papers have refrained from giving general publicity to it in their columns. The young lady in question has for weeks lain in a comatose state, and for a month was apparently asleep.

After this period her slumbers appeared to be disturbed, her face at times becoming greatly contorted and her hands gesticulating wildly. Her eyes became wide open, her countenance betrayed no intelligence or consciousness. Her condition up to the present writing remained unchanged, and the doctors are still watching the case with anxiety. They have had great difficulty in affording the patient sufficient nourishment, and have resorted to almost every method of introducing food into the stomach. They pronounce the case a phase of hysteria, and say that it will not necessarily prove fatal.

## A SAD CASE.

Mrs. Margaret Smith was taken before a police justice in New York, Friday, charged with stealing a wash-tub, valued at 40 cents. The prisoner's husband, a laboring man, died eighteen months ago, leaving her and her two little children, respectively eight and six years old, in destitute circumstances. She has since then worked night and day at washing to provide herself and them with food, but for two days they were without anything to eat. Driven to desperation she took a wash-tub that didn't belong to her, sold it and bought food for her starving children. Then came her arrest and the complaint.

"God help me!" she said, crying. "Judge, what was I to do? I didn't mean to steal, but the tub seemed so worthless, and then there were my poor little girl and boy begging for food, calling out to me, 'Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry, so hungry.' I knew they were starving before my eyes and that I was powerless to help them. I have worked hard for them until my eyes swim and my head grew dizzy. But I couldn't keep off hunger. I wasn't given employment, although I begged for it. Was I to blame? You don't believe it, do you, sir? O my good God! I couldn't resist the temptation." "I believe you tell the truth, and am sorry for you," answered the magistrate; "but my duty is to hold you. You are committed in default of \$300 bail to stand trial." "My children," she cried wildly, as she was taken out of the court room; "they don't know this. They are at home, God help them! awaiting my return."

ROAD TO DRUNKENNESS.—It can not be said that all smokers and chowers drink liquor, but all who drink smoke and chew. Almost every drunkard began with tobacco. Keep your mouth clear of tobacco, and you lessen the danger of your fall by whiskey.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. J. Tschudy, of New Glarus, Wis., is a shoemaker.

There is a deaf-mute named Blood living in Racine, Wis., who is a moulder by trade.

JACQUES LOEW, of New York, lately returned from a pleasant sojourn at Long Branch.

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER is expected at Portland, Me., in a few days, and while there may officiate in church on some Sunday.

EMERY SHOOP, of Delaware, O., writes to Rev. A. W. Mann that business will be very good with him for some time this year.

Miss Carrie Sandvig, who was educated at the Protestant deaf-mute school at Christians, Norway, is living in Mesomoni, Wis.

On the 18th inst. our Chicago correspondent, Mr. D. W. George, came into possession of a 10-pound chunk of humanity—a boy.

Mr. Charles Sullivan has moved from South Bend, Ind., to Racine, Wis. He is a moulder by trade. He has a wife and three children.

He informs us that some of the American Asylum pupils, having enjoyed their vacation so well, are feeling blue as it draws to a close.

Mr. L. Gutterson, a well-known shoemaker of La Crosse, Wis., lately enjoyed himself for about a week by visiting Mr. Lars M. Larson.

MA. JESSEE CROSS, of the sophomore class of the deaf-mute college, is reported to have spent several days in visiting his uncle at Beloit, Wis.

Mr. F. S. Hutson has returned home to Janesville, Wis., from St. Paul, Minn., where he had been working for several months in a cooper shop.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS says that was a convention of the deaf-mutes in Green Bay, Wis., on the 4th of July. They all enjoyed themselves much.

L. W. Saunders, of Steele's Tavern, Va., informs that there was no yellow fever in Jackson, and that all the officers of the Mississippi Institution are doing well.

Miss Maggie Hutton, of Janesville, Wis., has been up north spending two months with Miss Dora Andrews, daughter of a wealthy merchant of Keshena, Wis.

Mr. George Tolles and Miss Mary Johnson, who were members of the class of 1876 at the Wisconsin Institution, were united in holy matrimony on the 31st ult.

The rumor that Mr. David T. Spencer, a deaf-mute, was killed by a freight train two years ago is untrue. He is now working for a wealthy farmer near Springfield, Wis.

Mrs. William S. Works, of Hannibal, N. Y., informs us that her second daughter had one of her wrists accidentally broken by another girl at school, but that she is better.

A writer who has a taste for tracing pedigrees asks: "Can any one tell me if G. Tillinghast, formerly an enterprising lawyer, of Taunton?"

Mr. B. S. Field, formerly a pupil at the deaf-mute school in Christians, Norway, and also more recently at the Wisconsin Institution, is now living at Racine, Wis. He is a steady machinist there.

J. J. Murphy, B. A., has been visiting many of his friends in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Janesville, Wis., on his way home from the deaf-mute college. He has been appointed a temporary clerk of the blind institute located at Janesville, Wis.

We understand that J. P. Pimm, of Wolcott, N. Y., thinks of going to Nebraska next spring to farm. He hopes to see his old classmate A. S. Gardner, who lives in that State, and has a fine farm. Mr. Pimm's friends will miss him very much.

A. F. Colby met Robert Livingston, of Boston, in Portland, Me., August 22nd. He was stopping at the Fairmont Hotel, and on his way to Old Orchard Beach and back. The latter place being where his uncle recently died. He expected to be in New York this week.

HENRY JILLSON, of Newton, Mass., a graduate of the American Asylum, has lately been having a few weeks' vacation from his work, and visited his friend, Allen B. Mescham, at Guilford, Vt. Together they took a drive to Island Pond, St. John, and St. Johnsbury, on a visit among their deaf-mute friends.

ASHLAND, O., August 12.—The Deaf-Mutes, or Independents of Columbus, played against the Ashland club of this place, this afternoon, and won the game by a score of 21 to 7. The Ashland club have taken the game if the Mutes had been blind. Time of game 2 hours and thirty minutes.—*Cleveland Leader*, August 2.

Mr. Lars M. Larson, a member of the class of '74, at the deaf-mute college, is enjoying his vacation very much. He has been working for his mother for two months. He spends two hours every evening in lessons in the Norwegian and Danish languages. He says they are much easier than Latin, which he has learned at college.

The San Francisco Daily Exchange of August 18th says: "A deaf boy in Sacramento was knocked down and had a rib broken by a dray and recovered his hearing. Many parents in San Francisco must believe the hearing of their children to be affected, and it is not their fault so few of the children are cured."

FRANK B. ROBERTS, of New Castle, N. H., under date of August 20th, writes: "The storm last Monday was unusually severe, and considerable damage was done in this vicinity. At 9 a. m. the wind commenced to blow from the north-east. At this time it was blowing almost a hurricane. Many trees and fences were blown down, and many boats were wrecked. My boat was damaged, and the rane was blown from my barn. I expect A. W. Jerry will come down here this month, and I hope he will have a good time fishing, rowing, etc."

SARAH JANE, wife of Solomon Clappell, aged 35 years, died of consumption August 14th, 1879, near Carlinville, Ill. Mrs. Clappell, nee Miss Keith, was a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution. She had been ill for more than a year. Last summer she attended the service of Revs. Galland and Mann at Christ Church, St. Louis, and received the sacrament. She came the whole distance (160 miles) for the purpose of baptism. She passed away in the comfort of the blessed hope, which is a reality through the death and resurrection of our Saviour.

The following is the clipped paragraph referred to by our correspondent at Oakland, Cal. Two brothers by the name of Arthur got into a difficulty in Sheep Ranch last Wednesday night. It appears that one of the brothers was intoxicated at the time, and the other brother tried to induce him to go home and sober up. With no other provocation the intoxicated brother drew his pistol and fired three shots, the last taking effect in the victim's lungs. Various rumors are afloat in regard to the affair, for the truth of which we cannot vouch. One being that the quarrel was about a woman; another that an old grudge was at the bottom of it. Had the brother who was

shot died during the night, it is likely that lynching would have been resorted to. The would-be murderer gave himself up to an officer; but afterwards attempted to escape, and was followed by a deaf and dumb man and arrested. Sheriff Hawes brought him to town Thursday, and he is now safely lodged in the county jail. At last accounts the wounded brother was still alive, but not expected to survive long.

## Local Paragraphs.

Cool nights and pleasant days. Rain would be very acceptable.

Mr. William Webb is quite sick. Some of our sidewalks need repairs.

Don't fail to attend our fair next week.

Mrs. Silas Styles is visiting friends in Jefferson county.

The picnic season at Mexico Point is drawing towards a close.

These cool nights and warm days are good for our buckwheat crop.

Several workmen are busy on the Presbyterian Church improvements.

Frank W. Severance, of New York, has lately been visiting friends here.

E. L. Huntington was at Oswego on business the fore part of this week.

Picnics continue to be frequent at Mexico Point—many from this village.

Our village schools have re-opened with a large number of pupils present.

The editor of this paper is attending the deaf-mute convention at Buffalo.

The fall term of Mexico Academy began Tuesday with a large number of students.

Mrs. Orville Roberts has been very sick for several days, but is now said to be improving.

The subject for discussion by Rev. A. A. Brockway at Grace Church next Sunday evening is "Conservatism."

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Webb left home last Monday evening for a visit among friends in Connecticut, the latter's old home.

Revs. W. S. Titus and W. R. Cobb, well known, and former pastors here, preached at the Dempster Grove camp-meeting last Sunday.

Mrs. G. J. Chandler, daughter, and Miss Mary Tripp have returned from a visit in the town of Richland, where they recently spent a few days.

Rev. J. P. Stratton, of Indiana, and formerly a resident here, will occupy Rev. W. F. Hemenway's pulpit in the M. E. Church of this village next Sunday morning.

Mrs. Edgar Duryea, sister of Frank Carpenter, formerly a resident here and now of Glen Cove, N. Y., is on a short visit among friends in this place and vicinity.

The Oswego County Baptist Association meets in annual session at Pulaski on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. An interesting meeting may be expected.

Persons wishing to purchase sewing-machines, or exchange old machines for new ones, should consult Henry Clothier, authorized agent for the Singer machine.

The gates being closed on Sunday at the Dempster Grove camp-meeting, quite a large number of our business citizens went over last Saturday evening and returned on Monday morning.

A large number of persons from this village and various parts of the town were at Mexico Point last Saturday, and among others part of Huntington Guards, who did some target-shooting.

The fact should be kept before the people that the Oswego County Agricultural Society's fair is to be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, September 2d, 3d, and 4th, and all who can should help contribute to its displays and success.

Mr. Frank D. Marquis and Miss Carrie A. Brush, of Bloomington, Ill., were married on the 21st inst. The bride is a niece of Hon. L. D. Smith, and her mother (formerly Miss Charity Smith) was formerly a resident here and was for some time a teacher in our academy.

The Singer Manufacturing Company's Sewing Machines. Sales for 1878 356,432, being 73,620 more. Machines than were sold during any previous year, and greater than the sales of all other companies combined. Branch office, No. 3 First street, Fulton, N. Y. A. Bristol, Manager; H. A. Clothier & Bennett, Agents, Mexico, N. Y.

Mrs. D. H. Barnard, of this village, last week brought us some samples of large, fine, ripe, black raspberries, a part of the second crop grown this year on some of Mr. Barnard's canes. We have heard of two crops of berries in one year, but as fine specimens of perfect fruit of the second crop as those are, we presume, not frequent.

Rev. Mr. Muzzey, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church of this place, occupied the pulpit of that church last Sunday, and delivered a deep, practical sermon before an audience as large as the house could comfortably seat. We understand that Mr. Muzzey has no settled pastorate at present, he having been suffering from ill-health for some time past, and that he is making his home at Pulaski with his son, Editor Muzzey, of the Pulaski Democrat.

The annual re-union of the Oswego county Old Settlers' Association, held in Washington Hall last Thursday, was of more than usual interest not only to the old settlers themselves who were present, but to all in attendance. Delegations were there from most of the towns and from Oswego city. A

large number of anecdotes were related pertaining to the early settlement of various towns and some of the hardships endured by the pioneers. Ex-Judge R. H. Tyler, of Fulton, gave a condensed history of some of the first officers elected in the county and also of some other prominent early settlers. Hon. Alvin Richardson, of Colosse, in behalf of this town, in his inimitable and good-humored style related some of his practical experience as one of the early settlers. Of course "uncle Alv" hasn't much of a taste for telling stories, but to some of his especial old friends he sometimes relates a little of his pioneer experience in assisting at making "Indian puddings." Some of those present from a distance brought their dinners, of which they partook in the basement of the Universalist Church, and others dined with their old friends and acquaintances. Taken as a whole the day's proceedings were very pleasant and profitable.

Mr. W. Dunbar, with whom quite a number from this place went on an excursion to Niagara Falls on the 15th of July, takes another train to Niagara Falls next Tuesday, September 2d, starting from Potsdam, being joined at Ogdensburg by passengers from Alexandria Bay, Thousand Island Park, Clayton, and Cape Vincent. This is a very convenient opportunity for the people of northern New York to visit the far-famed Niagara Falls, the fare for the round trip from Thousand Islands being but \$4.

It is also a very favorable time for the people of this section to visit the celebrated Niagara Falls, the round trip fare from Mexico being but \$2. The special train leaves this station at 12:47 p. m. Three days will be occupied in the excursion, the train, upon returning, leaving Niagara Falls at 10 a. m. Thursday, September 4th, thus giving ample time to view the magnificent wonders. Arrangements have been made for reduced fares for those desiring to go to Buffalo, and especial pains have been taken by the manager of the train to lessen the expense of the excursionists while at the Falls.

Mr. Dunbar is an excellent excursion manager, having had several years' experience, and does everything possible for the comfort and pleasure of his passengers. Those wishing to visit Niagara Falls this season, and make the round trip on a special train of first-class coaches for two dollars, will do no better than to embrace the present opportunity.

## THE MEN ON THE TAVERN STEPS.

Detroit Free Press:—After supper, and about half an hour before sundown, certain villagers begin to gather on the tavern steps. The wagon maker, the blacksmith, the sign painter, the horse doctor and others can generally be found in the crowd, chairs tilted back and pipes or cigars alight, but the convention does not proceed to business until a certain arrival. This "certain arrival" is a fat, stout man with a fatherly countenance, and his clothes average a little better than the others. Every evening in summer he is to be found on the steps, and every evening in winter he has a chair by the big stove inside. He is the man who has traveled. He was the first justice of the peace in the county. He gave the first dollar towards the first meeting house thereabouts.

"Why, sir," explains the hostler in a careful whisper, "that ere man kin draw out plans for buildin' barns jist as fast as he kin handle a lump of chalk, and he isn't any more afraid of railroad presidents than I am of horses. If I knode what he knows I wouldn't hang around this tavern for less'n \$12 per month."

As soon as the fat man gets settled back in his chair there is a general hitching around so as to face him, and to be ready to agree with his statements. If he says it looks like rain every head nods an affirmative; if he predicts short crops every man on the steps is ready to back him.

"Why, sir," whispers the hostler back again, "that ere man can quote more Bible than all the preachers I ever heard. We hain't got a man here that would dare tackle him nohow on sacred paragraphs. And he's travelin' clear to Missouri one way and as far as Canada the other."

The fat man now gets warmed up to his work a little. Referring to the last 4th of July oration, he tenderly selects a dozen or fifteen bad mistakes made by the orator as points to prove that oratory is not a trade.

"Oh! if I could only spit out the oratory he can!" sighs the hostler, as his eyes lose sight of the big man for a moment. "Why, sir, if I could stand under a shed and talk about 1776 the way he can I wouldn't take a back seat for even the man who shoots off the fireworks."

The fat man here incidentally refers to the proposed Christopher Columbus monument in America, and rather carries the idea that the town would be expected to subscribe liberally.

"Ah! that's another of his curious strains," whispered the hostler, as he feels for his empty wallet. That ere man wouldn't low one of us to subscribe one single dollar for that ere monument. No, sir. He means to pay for the hull darned thing out of his own pocket! That's the kind of a picket fence he is, sir, and why in thunder this ere country don't get right down on her marrow bones and beg of him to run her for a couple of terms is more'n I kin see through. I don't say nothin' for myself, 'cause I expect to allers be a hostler, but I tell ye its awful tuff to see a man like him dumped down into a town like this, where even the man who has a mortgage on the church don't pretend to know why it is that a hand organ knocks all the pianers in town for music that melts the soul!"

## ALL FOOLS NOT DEAD YET.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In looking over the last number of your paper (August 21st) our eyes rested upon the caption "A word to deaf and dumb girl" and "Student," and signed by "Minnehaha." We have long been waiting for a chance for one or more of these conceited students to express themselves as "Minnehaha" has done; and now for it.

"Minnehaha" asks, "Are the students really a class of superior beings?" to which we unhesitatingly reply: No, not an inch their superior, save in their pretensions and conceit, and generally they are the inferiors of other mutes, whose characters are not blackened by such a life as is usually led by college boys at the deaf-mute college, at Washington, in point of behavior as to the rules of etiquette and decency.

Immediately following the above question "Minnehaha" adds as a reply: One would think so to see the way they are sought after by deaf-mute girls." We will see just what truth there is in this absurd and false declaration.

The incontrovertible fact is that the students almost invariably seek for the girls the moment their feet touch the threshold of the college. We defy him to contradict this statement we have facts and letters before us to substantiate what is truthfully remarked. I am personally acquainted with a young semi-mute lady who has in her possession letters addressed to her from several students at college, asking her to open a correspondence with them, for they insanely imagine themselves worth more than they really are.

Just for fun, she condescended to write to one or two for a short time, and then told them that no further correspondence would be permitted. The tone of their letters are full of borrowed flowery language, being filled here and there with copied poetry, &c. There are other mute ladies who reiterate the same story.

Now, does this show that the girls seek the students? Verily not, and they care no more hair pins for them than they do for other mutes. But the foolish and sensual students flatter themselves to be more than ordinary beings, while the truth is that nobody but themselves see any difference between students of or graduates of the college and those of the institutions.

In a certain city, in the northern part of Illinois, bordering on Lake Michigan, resides a graduate of the deaf-mute college who very foolishly, and despite the warnings of friends, wedded a woman that no respectable man would have anything to do with, just because he could then get no one else to have him. Does this show that the girls care any more for the students or graduates of the college than they do for others?

We would like to know what is the use of being at college, which is a place where one is to mind his books, studying and writing to girls, begging them to correspond with them at the same time? When one goes there, his purpose is supposed to be to learn a thing or two more, and not to affect his mind by thinking so much of the girls.

The inner life of the college boys at Washington during college years if made known, we are told, would be quite as startling as the discoveries Rev. De Witt Talmage made in his famous tour of inspection in dens of vice. It is a well-known fact that most, if not all, of the students that go there every year become crazy after a Washington lady; go flirting, and remain airy at hours when they should be at their books. Others also, if fortunate enough, are in constant communication with their "sweet Alice." Who has not heard of that disgraceful fight which occurred at the college between two students, last year, over a girl, whereby one of the brain-diseased fighters (a graduate from Illinois) got ingloriously expelled? Girls! girls! girls! is the ever-present thought in the minds of the students.

College students need not think the outside world can always remain in total ignorance of their real character at college. After all, we girls, would far rather accept for a husband one who does not enjoy the unenviable reputation of having attended the Washington deaf-mute college than one who does.

## WISCONSIN GIRL GRADUATES.

## A TERRIFIC CYCLONE.

GALVESTON, Aug. 24.—A *News* Orango special says: A terrific cyclone struck here Friday evening, blowing down fences, unroofing houses, uprooting trees and doing other damage. Nearly all the saw mills were damaged and several million feet of lumber blown away. The steamer Flora was sunk and other steamers seriously damaged. Cars standing on the track were blown off. The railway construction shops were demolished and the laborers were compelled to seek the open prairie for safety.

## THE FEVER PLAGUE.

## CRIME AND LAWLESSNESS IN MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS, August 23.—Crime and lawlessness is increasing here at an alarming rate, and the fire last week was of an incendiary origin. The utmost vigilance fails to discover the perpetrators. At night pistol shots are heard every few minutes. It is not safe to be out after dark. As an additional precaution it is intended to employ fifty mounted patrolmen to enforce the regulations of the State board of health and at the same time to act as special police.

## WITNESSING THE TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and the power of truth is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the higher courts:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge, "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror; and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

"She looked at it and answered, 'Yes, sir, it is the Bible.'"

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, placed your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge.

The child took the Bible, and, turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Command







